*Enter Nim, Piſtoll, Bardolfe, Hoſter, and a boy.*

*Hoſt.* I prethee ſweet heart,
Let me bring thee ſo farre as *Stanes*.
*Piſt.* No fur, no fur.
*Bar.* Well, ſir *Iohn* is gone, God be with him.
*Hoſt.* I, he is in *Arthors* boſome, if euer any were,
He went away as if it were a cryſombd childe,
Betweene twelue and one,
Iuſt at turning of the tide;
His noſe was as ſharpe as a pen;
For when I ſaw him fumble with the ſheets,
And talke of flowers, and ſmile vpon his fingers ends,
I knew there was no way but one.
How now ſir *Iohn*, quoth I?
And he cryed three times, God, God, God,
Now I to comfort him, bad him not thinke of God,
I hope there was no ſuch need.
Then he bad me put more cloathes on his feete,
And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any ſtone,
And to his knees, and they were as cold as any ſtone.
And ſo vpward, & vpward, and all was as cold as ſtone.
*Nim.* They ſay he cride out on Sacke.
*Hoſt.* I that he did.
*Boy.* And of women.
*Hoſt.* No that he did not.
*Boy.* Yes that he did, & ſed they were diuels incarnste.
*Hoſt.* Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.
*Nim.* Well, he did cry out on women.
*Hoſt.* Indeed he did in ſome ſort handle women
But then he was rumaticke,
And talkt of the whore of Babilon.
*Boy.* Hoſtes, do you remember he ſaw a Flea ſtand
Vpon *Bardolfes* noſe, and ſed it was a blacke ſoule
Burning in hell?

*Bard.*



*Bar.* Well, God be with him,
That was all the wealth I got in his ſeruice.
*Nim.* Shall we ſhog off?
The king will be gone from *Southampton*.
*Piſt.* Cleare vp thy criſtals,
Looke to my chattels and my moueables;
Truſt none; the word is pitch and pay:
Mens words are wafer cakes,
And hold faſt is the onely dog my deare.
Therefore cophetua be thy counſellor,
Touch her ſoft lips and part.
*Bar.* Farewell hoſteſſe.
*Nim.* I cannot kis, and theres the humor o
But adieu.
*Piſt.* Keepe faſt thy buggle boe.

*Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolp and others.*

*King.* Now you Lords of *Orleance*,
Of *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
You ſee the King of England is not ſlacke,
For he is footed on this Land already.
*Dolphin.* My gracious Lord,
Tis meete we all go foorth,
And arme vs againſt the foe:
And view the weake and ſickly parts of *Fran*
But let vs do it with no ſhew of feare,
No with no more, then if we heard
England were troubled with a Morris dance.
For my good Lord, ſhe is ſo idely kingd,
Her ſcepter ſo fantaſtically borne,
So guided by a ſhallow humorous youth,
That feare attends her not.
*Con.* O peace Prince Dolphin, you deceiue y